

SPiritual

TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS, NO. 342 BROADWAY --- TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS

VOL. IV.—NO. 45.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1856.

WHOLE NO. 291.

The Principles of Nature.

FAITH A BASIC ELEMENT OF THE SOUL.

If I rise in an audience, and proceed to testify to some fact, which I assert I have personally witnessed, what effect will be produced upon the various minds of the hearers? That evidently will depend upon quite a variety of circumstances. If I am known to be a man of good observing power, a man of truth, and the fact I testify to have personally witnessed, is a common one, I shall be *believed*. If I am known to be no care for the truth, to be a poor observer, prone to exaggerate, I shall be *doubted*. If the fact is very extraordinary, my testimony alone would probably be doubted, even if it was known to be a good observer and a man of truth. They would not *believe* that I willfully made a wrong statement; but knowing the many sources of illusion, they would doubt—perhaps even disbelieve the fact. If I was known to be in the habit of making misstatements, I should be entirely disbelieved.

What is it, now, to know a truth, to believe, to doubt, and to disbelieve?

If I state to the audience that, as a physician, I have seen to-day two persons manifesting the peculiar phenomena, exhibited by those affected by fever and ague, if it be a truth, I shall *know* it. Those who know me to be a physician and a man of truth, can not absolutely *know* it, but will *believe* it. Those who know nothing of me, except that I am very apt to exaggerate, will doubt me. Those who know me to be very untruthful, and have had personal experience that there were no cases of fever and ague in the vicinity, will *disbelieve* me.

Knowledge I desire to be a firm, sure conviction and certainty of the mind as to anything, from the *evidence* being so overwhelming as not to leave room for the least doubt. We *know* all the abstract truths of mathematics which relate to quantities and magnitudes.

We *know* all the intuitive truths, which are seen by the interior eye of Intuition, to be truths. Thus we *know* that we love and hate, think and remember, believe and disbelieve, are happy or in pain; that every thing that begins to be has a sufficient cause; that qualities imply a substance; that men ought to do right, and ought not to do wrong.

We *know*, also, whatever we personally witness with our outer sense in the outer world. I *know* I am writing; you *know* you are reading, etc.

We *know*, also, other external facts that have been testified to by so many good observers of good character, as to have produced in our minds an absolute, undoubting conviction of the fact, though it has never been witnessed personally by me. In this case, the fact must be a common one, or not contradictory to usual human experience. Thus, do I not *know* absolutely that there was such a phenomenon as Napoleon Bonaparte, as London, as the Alps, though I have never seen them? Do I *merely believe* in these, or can I not truly say, I *know* that they were?

Now as to belief: If I rise and state a fact, as of a case of fever and ague, I *know* that fact, for I witnessed it. You, who were not with me, do not *know* it; but, as you have ever found me a man of truth, a good observer, and are aware that cases of that disease are frequent, the testimony for so much exceeds that against the statement, you *believe* me. You can convert more belief into knowledge by personally witnessing the fact for yourself. For instance, you can go yourself immediately to the place and person, and can witness for yourself what I had told you. Then you merely *believe*, now you *know*.

If you go, and the patient is found unwell, but denies that he has been sick with ague; if you had always found me and the man equally truthful or untruthful, you would *not know* that he had or had not been thus sick. You would *doubt*.

If you had generally found the man truthful and me untruthful, you would *disbelieve* me, and believe the man.

If the man had been at work for you, under your own eye, during the very time I stated he was sick, you would *know* that I was stating an untruth, and the man a truth.

Knowledge, then, is the universal testimony of intuition and external sensation to a fact.

Let us analyze this process of the mind, by which we arrive at knowledge. Why do I *know* I am writing, or you that you are reading? Our senses bear testimony to our consciousness that we are doing thus. Our senses are witnesses as to the fact, to the *inner sense* or consciousness, and consciousness is a witness to the *innermost* Me.

But why do we believe our senses? Because we have always found them reliable under usual circumstances; we have found we could depend upon them. In one word, because we are so made as to have *faith* in what they tell us. We believe our senses because we innately have faith in their testimony. We have faith in our eyes, because we are conscious of seeing, and we have faith in our consciousness from our *human* nature. We can not help it. We *assume* always and forever, in the testimony of our internal and external senses in healthy conditions.

We *know*, then, because we have *faith* in our internal and external senses.

Faith means *implicit trust, complete confidence, in a sure feeling, that we may safely depend upon, trust in, and confide ourselves to somebody or something.* I know the sun shines, because I have faith in my eye. I know I see, because I have faith in my own consciousness. One step farther: Faith in intui-

tion, in consciousness, implies some absolute good and truth, that underlies intuition and consciousness, or else *why* should I believe in, have faith in, trust in, and depend upon, with sure trustfulness, my ultimate, innom consciousness? If I did not have an *innate faith* in the *absolute goodness and truth of my Maker*, why should I any more believe than disbelieve the testimony of my internal and external senses? Think, and you will perceive that innate though unsuspected *faith* in the *absolute goodness and truth of God*; and thus *innate trust and dependence upon such absolute perfection, underlies all phenomena of life in the human world*.

Thus we confide in the evidence of consciousness and intuition, because we have, as the *deepest element* of our nature, faith in absolute goodness and truth; and, as goodness and truth can not exist merely as abstract qualities, but imply a substance, a reality, a *person* in whom they inhere, and of whom they are properties, therefore the ultimate fact or element in human nature is faith in an absolutely good and true person or man—our Maker, our God. If I did not *assume* that the love, wisdom and power, which is the cause of me, is perfect and absolute, I could trust to nothing, could depend upon nothing, could believe nothing, could know nothing, and should never dare to take the first step toward any purpose, and the inner and outer world would dissolve into chaos.

Faith, then, is the *basis of knowledge*.

We can enlarge this general truth, and say that faith underlies all belief, which is more extensive than knowledge. We have faith in goodness and truth, and therefore we believe in the testimony of other persons, that they are to be trusted in, just in proportion to their *goodness and truth*. Thus, I believe in the general truths or facts of science, though I have not personally verified them by my own observation, because I have faith in *scientific authority*.

I believe that the earth is so many million miles from the sun; not because I have personally verified all the phenomenal observations, and using these as a basis, have gone over with the mathematical computations which give that result. I believe because I have faith in the goodness and truth of astronomers as a whole; so that if it was *not true*, the error would have been detected and exposed by some of them.

Why do children learn from parents and teachers? Because God has implanted in them, for good purposes, faith in what their parents and teachers tell them is true. In the infancy of the individual or collective man, this faith is *necessary*, and is only dispensed with, and superseded by, personal experience, as they are more developed, or become older; when the truths received in youth, by faith in authority, are authenticated or corrected by their personal experience, which thus substitutes faith in intuitive perception for faith in authority.

Let us briefly resume: Why does the child believe that the earth is turning on its axis every day, and rolling around the sun at the distance of so many million miles every year? He has *faith*, first, and as an ultimate fact, in his consciousness, that has been taught by his teacher; that so his sense of hearing has reported to him, and he has faith in his ears and eyes; and finally he has faith in his teacher, that he is good and true enough to be believed. Why does the astronomer believe the same facts? Because he has faith in his senses, and the conclusions of reason therefrom, and in his intuitive consciousness. He *assumes* that his senses and intuitions are good and true, as a *basis* for all the subsequent steps; and *assuming* that he can safely depend upon, and trust in, these, is *assuming* that there is an absolutely good and true cause for these senses, and for this very faith itself. See where we land.

Knowledge, then, is faith in inner and outer perception. Belief and opinion are faith in authority, or in the testimony of other persons' inner and outer perceptions. Belief in an affirmative is disbelief of the opposite, or where the testimony is against any asserted truth or fact. Doubt is where the testimony is equal, or nearly equal, on both sides of an asserted truth or fact.

Skepticism is the Greek term for *examining*. It means only impartial *examining*, or *seeing*, whether a thing is so or not.

Whenever, then, one passes from faith in authority to faith in outer and inner experience, there must be a period of neither belief or disbelief—when the man is *observing and experiencing for himself*—when he *doubts*. But let him honestly press on, and on the other side of these sterile, sandy and parched deserts of doubt, rise, already dimly visible in the horizon, the tops of the delectable mountains of *knowledge*, piercing blue and sunny skies, and inlaid with cool, transparent fountains.

Is faith, then, an affair of the *understanding*, a *belief*; or is it, as I said, the *FUNDAMENTAL FACT, THE BASIC STATE, OR ELEMENT, IN THE SOUL?* Does it *ake out* what the intellect is deficient in, or is it upon which all belief, all disbelief, all knowledge, all doubt depends? Are faith and belief synonymous? Or do you not believe or disbelieve, doubt or know, because you have faith in testimony, and ultimately in goodness and truth, in the invisible, unsounded depths of your soul?

So much for the relation of faith to *intellectual* processes, or the phenomena of *mind*. Let us see its power in the manifestations of *human life*, or the activities of *human love* seen therein. Faith, or a sweet, safe trust in goodness and truth, lies at the basis of all human *act*, inward or outward. Behold the infant in its mother's bosom! There the inner eye can *see what faith is*. Faith! perfect, sure, happy, confiding faith in that mother's goodness and truth! Think where would love be without it! It is the basis of all love, as of all knowledge and belief. It is the *innom intuitive feeling of perfect confidence that you can*

securely depend upon mother, wife and friend, and Him who is the maker of mother's love, of wife's love, of friend's true surety; who is the "author of all good and perfect gifts." By faith in the compass, that is uniting finger points over to the polar star, the trusting, watchful mariner steers his path over trackless waters, through darkness and storms, and brings his vessel to the desired haven in safety. As Schlegel well says, "Faith is the inner ear of the soul, which is open to, catches up, and retains the impeded word of a higher revelation"—whisperings from that brighter world, the home of the soul's true loves, of the lover who we are sighing for as the soul's true object, and whom we name *FATHER*.

Catch we a glimpse here of that Gospel truth, that "by faith we are to be saved"—not by intellectually believing any or all *seeds under heaven*, but by trust, by confidence in the *heart*. Let us attempt, then, to ascertain, by the light of common sense, what Divine truth is wrapped up in the husk of this dogma, that "we are to be saved by faith."

When the body is sick—when there is pain for sweet, joyous health, nausea and disgust for what a healthy appetite could crave and enjoy; when there is weakness for elastic strength; when the intellect mistakes the creations of its own disordered dreams for sober realities; when physical and organic laws have been violated, and disease, disorder and pain are the effects—does that man *need a Saviour?* Oh, common sense! what does he want?

Behold the drunkard paying for his violations of law with all the horrors of *delirium tremens*! Behold the glutton and the glazier paying for his violations of law with *dyspepsia*! What do these men *need*?

What does common sense say? They need, in order to be saved, to *feel* that they are indeed *sick*, and *not well*. That is the first need. *Till* that is felt, nothing can be done them good; they are on the road to death. They must *feel* that they are *sick* and need a *Redeemer*—need a good and true friend who can *save* them from their disordered, insan condition. Suppose he has no faith in such a good and true helper. He will not send for the physician; he will probably die. But should he call to mind that Doctor Brown has apparently saved several of his friends who were in a similar condition; should he remember the excellent old man who for many years had the confidence of not only his father's family but of all who knew him, as a truly good man and wise and experienced physician; if he had himself often been a witness, and even a recipient, of his efficient skill, then, from faith in Doctor Brown, he sends for him. Faith makes him send for a helper. The doctor comes, sees his symptoms, traces out the causes, points out to the patient how his troubles came; tells him, first, what he must *leave off* doing, what *violations* of organic law he must *cease*; and then tells him what he must *do*, what the laws of health are that he must *observe* and *keep*: "Stop sinning, cease to do evil, learn to do right, repent, reform, and you shall gradually be a healthy, joyous man again!" That is the prescription. The good physician gives him *hope*, encourages him to try to do better, says he will soon be himself again, and takes his leave.

Well, is this the man *saved*? His faith in Doctor Brown has brought to him his helper. He has told him what he must *leave off* doing, and what he must *do*; it looks quite reasonable, and he sees it must indeed be so. Suppose, now, he says to himself, "This is indeed the plain truth; I believe it very well. That is the *right* *truth*; it is as clear as daylight. Doctor Brown is indeed the true helper I needed. I believe that very firmly; but it is a very troublesome thing to break off all these bad habits of mine, and faithfully set myself every hour of every day to do all those troublesome things he told me to do. No, I have no much belief in Doctor Brown, that I need not cease violating what he calls these *organic laws*; I really don't believe I have the power to do all he told me. My faith in his excellency as a physician shall save me. I would not derogate from his all-sufficiency by attempting to do anything myself, and thus appearing to claim some merit in my recovery of good health by my obedience. No, faith in Doctor Brown can save me. But what does true faith *feel*? Faith in Doctor Brown makes him send for the physician; faith in the doctor, then, makes him faithfully follow the healer's prescription; it makes him cease doing wrong; it makes him begin doing right; and then it makes him persevere doing right, for he feels normal health returning to his body day by day, and he has faith that *this doing* will surely be a healthy man again.

Well, is this the man *saved*? His faith in Doctor Brown has brought to him his helper. He has told him what he must *leave off* doing, and what he must *do*; it looks quite reasonable, and he sees it must indeed be so. Suppose, now, he says to himself, "This is indeed the plain truth; I believe it very well. That is the *right* *truth*; it is as clear as daylight. Doctor Brown is indeed the true helper I needed. I believe that very firmly; but it is a very troublesome thing to break off all these bad habits of mine, and faithfully set myself every hour of every day to do all those troublesome things he told me to do. No, I have no much belief in Doctor Brown, that I need not cease violating what he calls these *organic laws*; I really don't believe I have the power to do all he told me. My faith in his excellency as a physician shall save me. I would not derogate from his all-sufficiency by attempting to do anything myself, and thus appearing to claim some merit in my recovery of good health by my obedience. No, faith in Doctor Brown can save me. But what does true faith *feel*? Faith in Doctor Brown makes him send for the physician; faith in the doctor, then, makes him faithfully follow the healer's prescription; it makes him cease doing wrong; it makes him begin doing right; and then it makes him persevere doing right, for he feels normal health returning to his body day by day, and he has faith that *this doing* will surely be a healthy man again.

Christendom thinks that Infinite wisdom came down to this our world to carry out a scheme to enable man to retain all his vile lusts and to save him from the wrath of *Infinite Love*, and by "faith in the vicarious sufferings of Christ," to enable the sinner, with all his natural selfishness and spiritual depraved attractions, to enter *Heaven*! Not that He provided a way or means by which man could be saved from the *oxen evil* in the world—*his depraved, debased, infernal self-love and pride and self-sufficiency*; but that he might retain these as a real good and take them with him into those celestial realms! The old heathen, Socrates, thought and taught that "to act unjustly is the *second of evils in magnitude*; but to act unjustly and *suffer just punishment therefor*, is the *greatest and chief of all evils*;" that "if a man has committed injustice, either himself or any one else for whom he has regard, he ought of his own accord to *bekate himself thither, where as soon as possible he will be punished, to a judge as to a physician, taking every pains lest this disease of injustice, becoming inveterate, should render the soul corrupt and incurable."*

Thus spoke the old heathen, while Christendom thinks that Christianity is only a Divine scheme to enable sinners to carry their *evil loads to those starry heights, and pre-eminently to escape the just punishment their injustice, their self-love, their sectarian hate deserve*. Which sounds as a clarion tone from the upper skies, and which a narcotic breath from the realms of infidelity and all human poison!

Where is the church that expects its members to live a *Christ-like life*! How many practical Christians in all Christendom? Where are our Christian nations that seek each their neighbor's welfare in their *diplomacy*! Where are the real practical infidels who cling to all their natural evil-loves and live to gratify them, on one hand, while on the other they are forever crying loudly, "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name?" Anything is better and more easy to be believed, than the eternal, inexorable necessity of doing well in order to fare well, in this universe of God's!

What is, then, a *saving faith*? It is to *feel* that we are *sick at soul, diseased, depraved in our central life, and tending to do wrong* when we know it is wrong, but still doing it. It is, then, a means or way opened by which we may feel this life of death, and that there is a truer, higher life, and enabling us to feel some desire, however faint, to escape from our human degradation, and to aim at objects worthier of the soul. It is a *conscious trust in the worth of goodness and virtue, in a Divine unseen, but ever-watchful fatherly presence and energy, that whispers to us in silent moments, of better, more glorious things, and teaching us by bitter experience our ignorance, our weakness, our strength and ability only to go astray and to fall, then leading us to trust entirely to His hand, His wisdom, His perfect sufficiency for the soul, and in His name to cast out devils, be cleansed from our leprosy ulcers, and made anew from the vile images of infernal lusts, that we were, into His likeness and image for His love and wisdom to flow to all around us. The At-one-ment which Divine wisdom effects is that of the soul with God, its true life and object; not, by any manner of means, a way to enable the unjust soul to escape just punishment. God does not love sin quite well enough for that!*

A saving faith in Jesus is a feeling of trust in Him as perfect goodness, and also trust manifested forth to the lowest sense as a perfect, divine man; the soul confiding in His ability as the good physician, and exhibiting its faith by following His divine prescript, "Love God in man," "Love the right, the just the pure. Whatever you perceive above you, these are the healthy appetites of the soul; and avoid, as deadly poisons, all

every one of my violations of Thy laws with such care and perfect justice that I shall be saved from that evil attraction, if it be possible!

What is God's justice but another name or name of His mercy?

Hear what the wise teacher of the coming ages says: "But it shall first be declared that this *Divine mercy* is the *pure mercy* of the Lord, displayed toward all the human race for their salvation. It is also continually present with every man, and *never recedes from any one*, so that every one that can possibly be saved, is saved. But no one can possibly be saved except by Divine means; which are those revealed by the Lord in the Word. Divine means are what are called *Divine truths*; these teach man *how to live* in order that he may be saved. The Lord, by them as *means*, leads man to heaven; and by them as *means*, implants in him the *life of Heaven*. This the Lord does for all. But he can *not implant the life (love) of heaven in any one*, unless he obtain from evil, for evil is an *obstacle* in the way. In proportion, therefore, as man abstains from evil, the Lord leads him, by divine means out of pure mercy; and this He does from his infancy to the end of his life in this world, and afterward to eternity. This is the *Divine mercy* which is meant. From these observations it is evident that the Lord's mercy is pure mercy, but not immaterial, *pure* mercy unconnected with means; by which is meant, a mercy that saves all of mere good pleasure, let them have lived (loved) as they may.

The Lord never does anything contrary to order, because He is order itself. The Divine truth proceeding from the Lord is what constitutes order; and Divine truths are the laws of order, according to which it is that the Lord leads man.

To save man, then, by immediate mercy, or mercy without means, is contrary to the Divine Being himself. Divine order is known to exist with man: this man has perverted in himself by a life (love) contrary to the laws of order, which are Divine truths; he is brought back into that order by the Lord, out of pure mercy by means of the laws of order; and in proportion to the degree of his restoration, he receives heaven within him; and he who has heaven within him, goes to heaven after death. Hence it is again evident that the Divine mercy of the Lord is pure mercy but not immediate mercy. (Swedenborg's *H.* and *H.*, 522, 523.)

The popular orthodox faith would send the sailor to navigate his ship over the pathless deep and to guide it with its rick freight into the distant port, with such a firm belief that the needs in his compass is pointing with unfailing finger to the moveless star, that he can safely leave it at home by the old family Bible in the "best room." To really take it to sea with him and watch it night and day, and to steer his practical way by its direction is quite of secondary importance—in fact not to be expected.

Christ says: "Be perfect, as your Father in Heaven is perfect;" "Love God (Infinite Perfection) with all thy soul, and thy neighbor as thyself!" Orthodoxy says: "This is evidently impossible.

Faith in Christ's perfect manhood and his vicious punishment shall save us!" Shall we save us from what? "From God's punishment," you say; "from evil, from that which makes me love doing wrong, and dislike doing always and forever the perfectly right, from sin itself;" the Gospel of good-will to man, says.

Which sounds as a clarion tone from the upper skies, and which a narcotic breath from the realms of infidelity and all human poison!

Where is the church that expects its members to live a *Christ-like life*! How many practical Christians in all Christendom?

Where are our Christian nations that seek each their neighbor's welfare in their *diplomacy*! Where are the real practical infidels who cling to all their natural evil-loves and live to gratify them, on one hand, while on the other they are forever crying loudly, "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name?" Anything is better and more easy to be believed, than the eternal, inexorable necessity of doing well in order to fare well, in this universe of God's!

What is, then, a *saving faith*? It is to *feel* that we are *sick at soul, diseased, depraved in our central life, and tending to do wrong* when we know it is wrong, but still doing it. It is, then, a means or way opened by which we may feel this life of death, and that there is a truer, higher life, and enabling us to feel some desire, however faint, to escape from our human degradation, and to aim at objects worthier of the soul. It is a *conscious trust in the worth of goodness and virtue, in a Divine unseen, but ever-watchful fatherly presence and energy, that whispers to us in silent moments, of better, more glorious things, and teaching us by bitter experience our ignorance, our weakness, our strength and ability only to go astray and to fall, then leading us to trust entirely to His hand, His wisdom, His perfect sufficiency for the soul, and in His name to cast out devils, be cleansed from our leprosy ulcers, and made anew from the vile images of infernal lusts, that we were, into His likeness and image for His love and wisdom to flow to all around us. The At-one-ment which Divine wisdom effects is that of the soul with God, its true life and object; not, by any manner of means, a way to enable the unjust soul to escape just punishment. God does not love sin quite well enough for that!*

A saving faith in Jesus is a feeling of trust in Him as perfect goodness, and also trust manifested forth to the lowest sense as a perfect, divine man; the soul confiding in His ability as the good physician, and exhibiting its faith by following His divine prescript, "Love God in man," "Love the right, the just the pure. Whatever you perceive above you, these are the healthy appetites of the soul; and avoid, as deadly poisons, all

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTON, EDITOR.

Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1856.

HOW SPIRITS ACT ON MATTER.

How do Spirits operate on dead matter? How do they break over this discrete degree? Can you tell me in a few words?

The above question was recently propounded to us, in a private letter, by an intelligent Swedenborgian clergyman. It was intended to elicit an answer through a private epistle, but as it is one which is frequently asked, and involves in its elucidation principles which are of importance to the general mind, we have concluded to offer our thought upon it through the columns of the TELEGRAPH.

It is important to bear in mind that Spirit is at one point necessarily and intimately allied to matter, notwithstanding the discrete degree which separates the two when each is contemplated by itself. This, indeed, is manifested by their association and reciprocal action upon each in the human body. All things of the body answer, by correspondence, to all things in the soul, and vice versa; and between each particular faculty or principle of soul and its corresponding organ, fiber, or atom of the body, there must necessarily be a point of contact in order that the physical organ may be moved and made the instrument of action upon bodies in the external world.

This will readily be comprehended by the receivers of the doctrines of Swedenborg, who, in his posthumous tracts, teaches that the most refined essence of the blood, namely, the animal spirit, connects with the lower substance of the soul, and serves as a medium through which the soul acts upon the body. But Swedenborg also teaches, and correctly, we think, that this whole physical world is one grand Body, while the whole spiritual world is one grand Soul; and that as the soul and body in the individual man connect and mutually act upon each other through the most refined essence of the blood, so the whole material and spiritual worlds connect and mutually act upon each other through the most refined essence of nature.

But if this is true in a general, it must also be true in a narrower sense,asmuch as generals can only be made up of particulars; and by way of more definitely explaining the modus of particular physical manifestations by Spirits, now occurring, the following additional remarks are submitted:

It is universally admitted by physiologists that the human body contains in solution all the materials of the physical body.

Now the blood in its most refined state (the state in which, under the name of the animal spirit, it circulates through the cortical fibers and nerves, and sores, according to Swedenborg, as the medium of the soul's connection with the body,) is still essentially the blood, though ascended and purified, and hence it still contains, in ultimate refinement, every element of which the human body is composed. But the human body, and hence the blood, and hence, in greater refinement, even the animal spirit contains no material but what is contained in, and was received from, the outer world, and in passing successively into chyme, chyle, blood, fiber, and animal spirit, is only changed in respect to its potential and living conditions, and not in respect to its abstract material properties, which latter remain the same, as carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen, etc. It is moreover known that the blood, and thence the solids of the body, contain most of the elements constituting outer nature, and it is presumed, on good grounds, that it contains all of them. It follows, therefore, that in the animal spirit, or refined essence of the blood, the soul—the Spirit—does come in direct contact with most if not all the materials—the carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen, calcium, iron, etc.—which compose the outer and physical world—with this, with the whole epitomized physical world itself—and this, too, notwithstanding the discrete degree which separates the two from each other.

Now, admitting the soul to be immortal, it must be immortal in all its parts, faculties, properties, loves and relations. Hence no relation which the soul is known to sustain with matter in the body, can ever be absolutely lost. It is true, the soul may experience changes of state—may pass into more and still more interior conditions, which proportionately remove it from contact, for the time being, with external matter; but still, under suitable circumstances, its former exterior states may be more or less perfectly resumed, in a manner analogous to that in which we dream, through memory, the states of affection and thought, and dwindle in the same scenes, which have marked some period of our past life.

When the soul is connected with the body, it is in what we call the external state, that is, in the state of the external senses. When abnormalized, or disconnected from the body by the death of the latter, it is in the spiritual state, or in the exercise of the spiritual senses. In this state—a discrete degree removed from the previous one—it can not know or act upon the material existence of the outer world, which are, as it were, nonentities to it. But as the soul, while connected with the body, may be abnormalized and thrown into the interior by magnetic and other processes, so the soul disembodied may, as it is reasonable to believe, by a reverse process of abnormalization be externalized, brought again into intimate rapport with the matter of the outer world, and come again into the life of its external senses and powers. If this process of externalization is perfect, the soul or living man will actually appear to us in bodily form. Ceasing, for the time, to be what is distinctively called a Spirit, it becomes an external man again, and as such can move matter with its hands in the same manner with any other external man. Many well-authenticated phenomena of this kind are on record, and occur mostly in the histories of "haunted houses."

In regard to the "Healing of the Nations," I recollect what I said in my Introduction. And I now say, that for simplicity of style, purity of sentiment, and sublimity and profundity of thought, it is not surpassed by anything short of the inspiration of the Bible. In saying this I say it from having read the work most attentively, and feeling myself as capable of judging of its merits as any one, and especially one who, like the editor of the *Observer*, by his own confession, has not read it at all, and who, probably, would not dare avow his honest sentiments if he had.

If I were permitted to quote from my private correspondence, I could give in support of my own opinions the testimony of some of the most exalted intellects in the nation, both male and female. I do not feel it a breach of confidence to give a few extracts of letters, without the writers' names, which will show their opinions of the merits of the work, at the same time that they confirm my own. The following is an extract of a letter from a lady of the highest order of intellect and of the most elevated social position:

To say I have read "The Healing of the Nations" with pleasure seems tame language. The feelings kindled by portions of it are anal-

ogous to what one experiences in listening to a sublime chasm; and there were times when I almost thought I was sensible of the influence described by the writer—in a less degree, to be sure, but still imparting a "heavenly happiness." It is truly a unique and marvelous production. I wished, as I read, that the book could have come into the world under fitter circumstances—say it was of Oriental origin, and how the wise ones of the world would differ over it! Yet, now, the most I have seen of it is, "It reminds me of proverbial philosophy." I should as soon think of comparing the Bible with the Westminster Catechism. Except in the Bible, where are the love and creative power of the Deity put forth with such sublimity? Where are His being and perfections so beautifully described? Where are the relations between God and man so forcibly portrayed? Where the duty of man to man so clearly defined? Or where are man's obligations to himself in every respect, so decidedly presented as in those lyrics? I wish the world would read them with unprejudiced minds, and gather the rich truths both in ethics and philosophy enfolded in their pages. Some of the theological views may startle opponents. For instance, "His fall was good, for it was his first step upward"; "When he perishes of knowledge, it could only be through transgression"; But we will put St. Paul by the side of the *Book*, and let him say, "God be thanked that ye were the servants of sin. I was alive without law once, but when the commandments came sin revived—i. d. died." The principle at the root of both is the same, though St. Paul's application was limited. But I did not mean to write a dissertation; only to thank you for the pleasure I have received from the perusal of the book.

GOV. TALLMADGE ON THE "OBSERVER."

It affords us pleasure to lay the following communication from Governor Tallmadge, before our numerous readers. Our distinguished friend summons the witnesses, and with his accused case makes a strong case against all carelessness and unprincipled *Observers*:

Errors of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH:

My attention has just been called to the following extract from the *New York Observer* of the 10th ultimo:

We have seen a poem, said to have been written by a man in Brooklyn, while in a state of spiritual intercourse with other minds, and believers in this delusion speak of the poem as one of the most brilliant and profound productions in the English language, worthy to take rank with the writings of Milton and Coleridge. We have essayed to read it, but in vain. It is simply downright nonsense; it has no claim to consideration even as a respectable composition, by a youth of ordinary power; and the comparison of it with the works of master minds, shows that its admirers are under a most extraordinary mental cloud, if they are sincere in their eulogies.

The same remarks are applicable to the book published under the auspices of the Hon. N. P. Tallmadge, and said to have been written by a young man of no education. Mr. Tallmadge pronounces it a production of *such* *spiritual* *genius*, that its *antecedents* *can* *not* *be* *improved* *by* *the* *most* *practiced* *and* *finished* *writers*. But upon opening the book we find it *so professedly stupid*, so deficient in all the elements of greatest beauty by its editor, that the perusal of a page could not be accomplished without a great effort, and may an expression of astonishment that Mr. Tallmadge should be willing to endorse its rhetoric and logic.

If the "Epic of the Starry Heaven," the "Lyric of the Morning Land," and the "Lyric of the Golden Age," had been ushered into the world under the name of some canonized poet, they would no doubt have been pronounced by this same editor as some of the finest specimens of modern poetry. But it seems that nothing can command his attention or approbation that purports to come from a spiritual source.

By way of illustration let me cite a case. There is, probably, no more bitter opponent of Spiritualism than the editor of the *Cincinnati Times*.He, no doubt, denounces the "Lyric of the Golden Age" the same as the editor of the *Observer*.But see what his opinion was of another poem from the same spiritual source, before he knew its origin. The following remarks from Prof. S. B. Barre's *Introduction* to the "Lyric of the Golden Age" afford a lucid and sufficient illustration of the ordinary judgment of literary gentlemen who write criticisms of Spiritual Books:The poems of Mr. Harris were not only very beautifully admiried by the lovers of metrical harmony, but they were highly complimented by the Press, until their spiritual origin was made known. Of late, however, the secular journals have rarely copied them; much less have they been disposed to acknowledge their peculiar claims. In this respect the excessive caution of some men is not more apparent than their want of correct taste and a manly independence. They listen with delight to mortal, and their eyes close when an angel sings! But when the real authorship of some Spiritualiterature through Mr. Harris is out of sight of the critics, they are extremely liable to indulge their admiration—obviously at their own expense, and for our amusement. Indeed, they sometimes unwittingly sanction all that is claimed, by making the implied admission that his inspiration is derived from the Spirit-world. The justice of this observation is illustrated by the example of the *Cincinnati Weekly Times*. Soon after the "Lyric of the Morning Land" was published, Mr. S. L. Uteh reviewed the poem, making copious extracts. Subsequently, through the carelessness of the press, the reviewer became the reputed author, and the legitimate claims of the *Lyric* to a spiritual origin were lost sight of by those who never had any disposition to perceive them. Some of these extracts have since that time been traveling the circuit of the secular press, prefaced by complimentary remarks from literary gentlemen who are opposed to Spiritualism. How ignorance brings out and displays these intricate claims! The journal just referred to, some time since, copied into its columns the subjoined verses, from a Fairy's "Song of the Violet":

There came a fairy, thin and gay: O, maiden dear, attend, attend! When first on earth the violet sprang, Each earthly maid had fair to sing; Who whispered to her, "Hark!—the night-birds sing;— See her bring out the yellow bright; And as the violet grew more bright, With her eyes from day to day.

Wake, fairies, wake from field and glen!

Wake, fairies, on your azure sleep;

For ye shall thieve the earth's sleep;

And sing to morn in their sleep.

I feel assured that "The Healing of the Nations" will make its way very quietly. With few exceptions great works are always in advance of the age. How few there are who can appreciate the beauty of the Bible, Isaiah, Job, the Songs of Solomon—to the multitude their beauties are sealed; and rarely do the common class of preachers quote them. You may well be proud to inform such a work, and justly so, for it can never be controverted. Those who have not the moral and spiritual perceptions to see its merits, can not reproach its creed without a sting at Christ's *Sermon on the Mount*. It facilitates each precept of our Saviour in the widest sense.Your *Introduction* is a master piece, and I would cheerfully take your "madness" to have your "imitated" in writing. This concentration of thought I envy. You have interwoven, and blended, and harmonized facts, of the present with past ages, and have made out Spiritualism as "old as the hills," and older too. Your chain of testimony is perfectly sound, and your argumentation clear and forcible.

The next is from an orthodox clergyman, who has become a Spiritualist after full investigation:

I have read "The Healing of the Nations" with great satisfaction. As I read it I felt, and still feel, that no previous work was so well calculated to bring the whole subject so justly and forcibly before the world; and especially the religious portion of it. It is making its invariable mark, for it is being very generally read. Receive my hearty thanks for the able, manly and affectionate manner in which you have presented the claims of the holiest birth-right of humanity.

The extract which follows is from a lady of the same intelligent and accomplished rank with those quoted above:

I expressed to you when here the great pleasure I took in "The Healing of the Nations." Each day increases that pleasure, and seems to open new beauties and truths which I had not remarked at first. I consider it the most wonderful as well as the most instructive book, next to the Bible, ever published. Copies lie in different rooms of the house that all may read and learn. This one great work introduced to the world, through your instrumentality, with its sublime truths, is enough for a life time, and you must rejoice in its frame.

All the writers above quoted are of different orthodox sects, and of highly religious sentiments. I now close with an extract of a letter from a lady of the same exalted intellect, finished education, the most elevated position in society, of one of the strictest orthodox sects, and, as her letter will show, of the purest religious feelings and principles:

I have read "The Healing of the Nations" with great pleasure and satisfaction. Many parts of it I find very beautiful. I think all the truths it incarnates are in harmony with justification by faith, in the atonement, as reconciling justice with mercy. I do not think any one who believes himself saved through Christ, thinks he "continues in sin." God forbid! But the "Light" there spoken of, all fail to be needed. The practical illustrations in every walk of life are extremely greater or less degree, is consonant with my preconceived opinions.

But the prophetic character of the Bible shows its inspiration to be of a higher range than any other inspiration yet given to man. "The Healing of the Nations" will do me good; without being like, it re-

made me of "The Initiation of Christ," by T. A. Kemp, and *Mary*, and *Fenella's Notes* on the "Inner Life." I have in a single degree experienced the happiness resulting from within, or arising from our spirit with God; and I can understand it can attest to a great elevation. I have for some years been trying to drag my spirit, and have endeavored to set under the eye of God and man, to enable them serve the purpose of our *Mah*, immortal destiny. By this is our duty in this sphere; and when we attain the "Light" we have, to receive the "Light" from above, material things form a consistent harmony with spiritual, and produce those fruits that consist in temporal, surviving dissolution, and continuing in eternity. The Old Testament worship was a visible church, consisting much of outward observances. The New Testament dispensation took away many forms, and instituted a far more simple worship, containing a pure and high, clear attainments; and the teaching of "Light," so made as to bring in higher "Light" of love, which surrounds us all, waiting to be received. I think, consistent with a progressive age, and indicates the divine of progression so beautifully put forth in "The Healing of the Nations." Your *Introduction* is in all respects good, and very interesting. It is clear and eloquent. It shows you to be a "Christian Spiritualist," as standing on the Bible platform throughout, you need not fear the anathema of sectarian or ecclesiastical bigotry.Several of the smaller press have spoken very handsomely of the work; but I will add only one notice of it from the *East Boston Ledger*:The *Introduction* of Mr. Tallmadge, occupying some seven pages, will be conceded to be an able exposition and defense of Spiritualism, and do honor to the author, whatever may be thought of the scope of his belief. A man who, like Governor Tallmadge, is willing to give a high reputation for what he conceives to be truth, must possess qualities of rare excellence.The production which gives title to the volume, though bearing the name of Charles Linton, is allowed to be from a spiritual source, seems to us a remarkable one—superior in every respect to most spiritual productions. We have found it hard to look it over, it is so full of the *Light* of love, which surrounds us all, waiting to be received. It is a pure and simple work, and indicates pure, moral, spiritual, if not scientific, philosophy, and refined Spiritualism. As a literary production, the *Light* is clear, concise, and sometimes striking, both in thought and expression. We commend it to all who feel interested in the subject.After such opinions and commendations of the work from such high sources, what are we to think of an editor, like him, the *Observer*, who can pronounce the work "profoundly stupid"? when, by his own showing, he has never read it? It is melancholy to see ignorance and stupidity thus go hand in hand with superstition and bigotry. If this editor had lived in a previous age, he would have appreciated, as they were then appreciated by others of like caliber, some of the standard works of English literature: when Milton got but £5 for his "Paradise Lost," when Thomson could not get a farthing for his "Waverley," when Burns visited every publisher in London with his manuscript in vain; when Cowper, with difficulty, got his *Scriptural Poem* published, but obtained nothing for the copyright. Even the novel of "Waverley" was offered in vain to seven London publishers for £25 or £30, and it afterward sold £15,000. Or he would have been like the Scottish clergyman who argued, when fanners were first introduced to assist in removing corn from the chaff by producing artificial currents of air, that the "winds were raised by God alone, and it was in vain to attempt to raise wind for himself, and by effort of his own," and actually refused the holy communion to the fanners who thus irreverently raised the "devil's wind."

I give another brief extract (omitting the personal comments) of a letter from a gentleman who has occupied some of the most elevated and distinguished positions under the government, and eminent alike for his talents and patriotism:

Speaking of the "Healing of the Nations," he says: "I am free to acknowledge that I have never read a book, inspiration excepted, more replete with moral beauty than this."

The next is an extract of a letter from a lady most highly intellectual, as well as most highly educated, and holding the highest rank in society:

I can not do justice in speaking of "The Healing of the Nations." I have not the power to criticize. Apart from the merits of the work, it is the great problem it must present to the world—how such knowledge could come through an uneducated medium? This query alone would stamp the work as *unoriginal*!

"Soul man catch fire through a mysterious contact with living soul. Mind grows not like a vegetable, by having its roots blighted with egotistical compost, but like a Spirit by mysterious contact with Spirit-kindness Itself at the fire of living thought." It seems these remarks of Carlyle would apply to Mr. Linton. His spirit is dipped in the essence of the Bible, and in the same canvas he paints and blots all the sciences. My knowledge of them is too imperfect to point out all the new ideas he gives to them; but I pass to enjoy the flowers of truth scattered on the way side.

I feel assured that "The Healing of the Nations" will make its way very quietly. With few exceptions great works are always in advance of the age. How few there are who can appreciate the beauty of the Bible, Isaiah, Job, the Songs of Solomon—to the multitude their beauties are sealed; and rarely do the common class of preachers quote them. You may well be proud to inform such a work, and justly so, for it can never be controverted. Those who have not the moral and spiritual perceptions to see its merits, can not reproach its creed without a sting at Christ's *Sermon on the Mount*. It facilitates each precept of our Saviour in the widest sense.There are a sort of narrow, and confined Spirits, who account all their needs, that are not for their particular purposes; and yet all the world to be of the *Six* and *Gladius* of those within the Circle. Beyond their *Kos*, *Job*, the *Songs of Solomon*—to the multitude their beauties are sealed; and rarely do the common class of preachers quote them. Then the greatest and worthiest things that are written, are still always used with the most general neglect, and scorn; since the best people for whom they were not intended, are quick to shew their disapprobation, and to condemn what they do not understand, and because they do not like them. Whereas on the other side, those that are able to judge, and to courage, are commonly reserved and modest, in their sentences; or they should seek to do right to things as worthy, they are sure to be out-valued by the rouse of ignorant contemners. Upon this count I have often thought that he that counts and values people with the greatest and worthiest things that are written, etc. etc. always used with the most general neglect, and scorn; since the best people for whom they were not intended, are quick to shew their disapprobation, and to condemn what they do not understand, and because they do not like them.

The following is from a gentleman of the highest literary and scientific attainments, and who has occupied one of the most responsible positions under the government:

I have read "The Healing of the Nations" with more satisfaction than any book I ever read in my life, and read to its pages daily and almost hourly. It is a wonderful production.

The next is from an orthodox clergyman, who has become a Spiritualist after full investigation:

I have read "The Healing of the Nations" with great satisfaction. As I read it I felt, and still feel, that no previous work was so well calculated to bring the whole subject so justly and forcibly before the world; and especially the religious portion of it. It is making its invariable mark, for it is being very generally read. Receive my hearty thanks for the able, manly and affectionate manner in which you have presented the claims of the holiest birth-right of humanity.

The extract which follows is from a lady of the same intelligent and accomplished rank with those quoted above:

I expressed to you when here the great pleasure I took in "The Healing of the Nations." Each day increases that pleasure, and seems to open new beauties and truths which I had not remarked at first. I consider it the most wonderful as well as the most instructive book, next to the Bible, ever published. Copies lie in different rooms of the house that all may read and learn. This one great work introduced to the world, through your instrumentality, with its sublime truths, is enough for a life time, and you must rejoice in its frame.

All the writers above quoted are of different orthodox sects, and of highly religious sentiments. I now close with an extract of a letter from a lady of the same exalted intellect, finished education, the most elevated position in society, of one of the strictest orthodox sects, and, as her letter will show, of the purest religious feelings and principles:

I have read "The Healing of the Nations" with great pleasure and satisfaction. Many parts of it I find very beautiful. I think all the truths it incarnates are in harmony with justification by faith, in the atonement, as reconciling justice with mercy. I do not think any one who believes himself saved through Christ, thinks he "continues in sin." God forbid! But the "Light" there spoken of, all fail to be needed. The practical illustrations in every walk of life are extremely greater or less degree, is consonant with my preconceived opinions.

But the prophetic character of the Bible shows its inspiration to be of a higher range than any other inspiration yet given to man. "The Healing of the Nations" will do me good; without being like, it re-

make me of "The Initiation of Christ," by T. A. Kemp, and *Mary*, and *Fenella's Notes* on the "Inner Life."The first and March number of *Tiffany's Monthly*, devoted to the investigation of spiritual science, is now ready for delivery.

It is filled with well digested and well written articles bearing on the following titles: "What is Truth?" "The Doctrine of Plenary Inspiration;" "Finite and Infinite;" "Ideal Gods;" "Order of Development according to the Divine Method;" "Modern Spiritual Manifestations;" "Philosophy of Personal Purity;" "Free Love;" "Faith;" "Spiritualism and its Opposites;" "Propositions," etc. Our numerous readers who begin to feel their need of the "strong meat" of the spiritual philosophy, are advised to subscribe, without fail, for the Magazine. Each monthly number will contain about octavo pages; and the collective issues of the year will amount to 112 pages, which may be bound in book form, subscription, \$2 per annum, invariably in advance, received at the office.

An INTERCALLEARY DAY.

Our printer, last week, in the hurry of making up the annual forms for the press, made the most of leap year, by adding an other day to February, and dating the *TELEGRAPH* February 29. The good sense of our readers must doubtless have corrected its mistake.

SHAKER MATTERS.

the articles on Shakerism recently published in the *Telegraph*, are likely to excite more discussion than would be either interesting or profitable to the mass of our readers, should we defer them, *in extenso*, all the communications received on this subject. We are reluctantly compelled, therefore, to fall in with editorial preconceptions, and respectfully say that this discussion can not proceed in our columns to an extent incompatible with the legitimate objects of our paper; and of the same, my closely written pages upon this subject, *pro and con*, which we now have on hand, we can only give the following short extracts:

T. L. HARRIS IN CHARLESTON, S. C.

We are gratified in the receipt of the intelligence borne in the following communication. As Charleston is an important center of radiation to the Southern States, it is hoped that by a system of judicious effort Spiritualism may be placed on a permanent footing in that city, and to this end, that lecturers, mediums, and especially the "powers above" may not be slow in responding to the Macedonian calls of our friends there situated. In answer to the concluding paragraph of the following communication, we would say that Mr. Britton, who is now absent on a lecturing tour at the east, proposes to visit some principal cities in the Southern States on his return, and doubtless our Charleston friends may make arrangements to have him deliver some lectures in that city. He will probably start on his southern tour in about three or four weeks from this date, until which time he may be addressed at this office.

CHARLESTON, S. C., February 23, 1856.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON:

I feel assured that you will be pleased to hear of an advancement in the great cause which is flooding the world with the enlightening light of heaven, and more particularly from this city, which has clung with the most unparalleled tenacity to her old creeds and forms. . . . I am happy to say that the inhabitants of this place have at last been aroused from their lethargic slumber by the dropping into our midst of a star of the first magnitude. Rev. T. L. Harris was kind enough to visit our city last week, and the impression he made will not be easily effaced from the minds and hearts of the people. Although his appearance was wholly unexpected, and we had but one day to notify the public, there was quite an interest awakened, and an increase in the audience from the second to the last lecture, which was delivered on the evening of last Sunday. Could be remained with us another week, the largest hall in the city would not have contained the gathering crowds of eager listeners.

Another order requires that all moneys should be kept by the deacons (trustees); and if you desire anything, you must get the consent of the elders or deacons, or both, before you can have it; and must be used to do without it if they think you ought, or sacrifice you in their estimation. Members generally are kept in ignorance of the financial state of the family and society in which they live, and in which they strive to enrich by their labors. This causes considerable dissatisfaction and gloominess underneath. The members have no voice in making the laws, rules or orders (and they are legions) by which they are governed. It remains with them to obey or withdraw. Members have no choice where or with whom they may reside, for the heads of the family from place to place at their pleasure, regardless of the most holy ties of bosom companionship; and in many, very many instances, it would seem that the compliance with such requirements would cost the life of those separated, and they not of opposite to each other. But nothing can reverse the deep, short of the most palpable evidence, that the individual or individuals concerned will go to the world (as they call it) unless they restore them. Then if families happen to go to reside among them, their children generally go to one of the society and the parents to another; and as soon as they can be brought to it, one parent will be moved to another family, the other moving to another; and it is with reluctance that the parents granted the privilege of paying a visit to their children, while it is more seldom that children visit their parents. The privilege is granted because of the weakness of the faith of both, and both parents and children are exhorted to travel away from all natural affections for each other; and until this is done they are made to feel, by the testimony of their elders, that they are below the standard of true Shakers. The seed has been sown which is destined to spring forth into life, and the harvest will soon be ready. The time is soon coming when those noble champions of our glorious faith will not pass us by, but find it both pleasing and profitable to come and break us to the broad life. The friends here are in hopes Brother Harris will find it convenient to return this way in the spring—some of whom have stepped forward and offered to make up a sum to remunerate him for his services.

I trust also that some other, whose mission it is to promulgate this glowing truth, will be induced to visit this "classic city of the south."

Yours in the truth, M. A. LOVE.

SPIRITUALISM NOT THE ONLY NEW THING.

At a recent social gathering of Spiritualists in the city of New York, for the purpose of interchanging thought on new phenomena, inventions, science, art and theories, we witnessed experiments with Abner Lang's recent invention, which is supposed to exhibit the action of centrifugal force in the universe; and it seemed to us that it might also be harnessed to practical and useful purposes of life.

The experiment was made by the use of a brass globe secured on a spindle, which spindle was secured at each end in a brass ring. At the outer edge of this ring, opposite to where the spindle entered it, was a flange in which was a slight indentation, with a pointed instrument for the purpose of nailing it on pointed upright spindles. The instrument being thus set on these pointed uprights, the globe was set in rapid motion by the use of a string, in a similar manner to the whirling of a top. After the globe was put in motion, one of the uprights, on which one end of the instrument rested, was removed, and contrary to what would generally be expected, the instrument remained in its horizontal position, and commenced revolving round the spindle on which one end rested, and so continued to do until the force or rapid motion of the globe began to slacken, when the end, unsupported, raised up in a more vertical position, and continued its revolving motion. The experiment was several times repeated, with the same results, and it was found that changing the rest reversed the rotary motion. The instrument revolved at any angle one might choose to set it. Instruments to try the experiments may be obtained from Messrs. Pike & Sons, New York. We will furnish them to our friends, if desired.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

LYRIC OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

This new volume, spirituially dictated through our brother T. L. Harris, is winning golden opinions of those who love true poetry. As a specimen of the notice which this volume has called forth, wedip the following from the *Scientific American*:

"A LYRIC OF THE GOLDEN AGE"—By Rev. T. L. Harris. This is a poetical volume of some four hundred pages. The author ranks, in the estimation of many persons, among the first of living poets. His writings are remarkable for brilliancy of conception, and rich, fresh, melodious expression. He unquestionably possesses a high poetic genius.

Of an ardent, sympathetic, impressive, spiritual temperament, he was among the early converts to modern Spiritualism, and soon became one of its most extraordinary mediums. Some of the most singular of all the physical manifestations claimed by the Spiritualists have occurred during the presence of Mr. Harris. Indeed, the volume before us is gravely put forth as the production of the Spirits, acting through the organism of the author. Regarded as a spiritual communication it certainly surpasses anything from that source which has heretofore fallen under our notice.

In the books of Judge Edmonds, Prof. Hare, and other spiritualistic writers, there are numerous communications purporting to have been written by the ghosts of various of the great, who once inhabited these mundane regions. But among them all, we remember nothing that begins to compare in literary merit with the present "Lyric." Mr. Harris thinks the Spirits wrote it, but in our view, it is too good for them; it bears the unquestionable stamp of the author's own genius, and we can not help thinking that he labors under a modest delusion in attributing any aid in its production to other sources than his own mental powers.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Nature, a Spirit: His Portrait and Life. By Alton Putnam. Boston: Beld M. Bowditch. This is an agreeable little volume of 175 pages, containing a record of singular facts respecting the Spirit-production of a picture of a child named Nathaniel Young, who died some thirty-five years ago; also of the life and experiences of the same, both in this and the spiritual world, with many interesting facts which were incidentally unfolded during interviews with the Spirit or Spirits who furnished the materials of this narrative. It is written in a gay and popular style, and will be read with interest. For sale at our office, Price, 62 1/2cts.; postage, 10cts.

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES.

The *Stuyvesant* next Sunday.

JOEL TIFFANY will lecture at the *Stuyvesant Institute*, 659 Broadway, next Sunday, March 9th, morning and evening.

Lectures at the *Stuyvesant*.

JOEL TIFFANY will deliver free lectures at the *Stuyvesant Institute* on Tuesday and Friday evenings of this week.

Tiffany's Lectures. The edition of *Tiffany's Lectures* designed to supply subscribers, is now ready for distribution. Those subscribers who desire their copies of the book early, can get them by calling on the publishers, GRAHAM AND ELLISWOOD, at their office, 143 Fulton-street, New York.

Original Communications.

LETTER FROM REV. MR. BARRETT.

THE NEW CHURCH HERALD AGAIN.

MESSRS. EDITORS—You have doubtless seen the *New Church Herald* of February 23d; and if so, you have probably noticed that its Editor has devoted some four columns and upwards to my humble self, and dispatched in *less than half a column* my argument with its strong array of facts and evidence against his *biological* theory, which was published in your paper of February 10th, after having been declined by Mr. Hough. Perhaps some might consider it rather complimentary to have an editor devote so much more space to the individual, than to the individual's argument. But however Mr. Hough may have intended the devotion of such an unusual amount of space to myself, frankness requires me to say, that I am not pleased with so much personal attention. I do not thank him for it, nor do I believe any one else will. I am very sure that all his readers will consider that the *truth* has far higher claims upon his and their regard, than *any person*; and that they will agree with me in thinking that the Editor of the *Herald* took himself rather hard pressed for matter with which to fill his columns, when he devotes so much space to a single individual. Besides being very bad taste, it has rather a *suspicious* appearance, when an editor seeks to draw the attention of his readers away from principles, facts, and evidence, and fix it upon something of so little importance as a humble self.

Mr. Barrett is a very evanescent object—of very little consequence to any sensible reader of the *Herald*, but the *truth* on any and all subjects is a thing of permanent value and of much consequence. And there is the less excuse, or rather I should say, the more blame, in this instance, for devoting so much more attention to *me personally*, than to my argument and evidence, because it is only very recently that Mr. Hough promised his readers that, for the future, he would guard against admitting into the columns of the *Herald* anything like "personal allusions."

Now in less than a month after this promise was made—*voluntaried*—he himself offends on this score to an extent far beyond what

any other writer in his paper has ever offended.

The Editor of the *Herald* feels "sad," and I do not wonder at it.

I think I should feel sad too, if I had allowed myself to treat a correspondent in the ungenerous and unjust manner that he has treated me, and had aimed deliberately to shut out the truth on any subject from the minds of those whom I was professing a desire to enlighten. There is good reason, therefore, why our friend should feel sad about this time. But there is a way in which he can, if he desires it, get out of his sad state, and that is, through a frank acknowledgment of his error, followed by the work of repentance and reformation. Let Mr. Hough deny and crucify his natural man so far as to acknowledge through his columns the utter weakness and folly of his attempt to sustain his *biological* theory in regard to the spiritual manifestations—let him acknowledge how disingenuously he has treated Swedenborg, his readers, and myself—let him repent of having rejected my communication, and hasten to do that which a decent regard for the truth, as well as every principle of honor and justice, so clearly demands, viz., to publish that communication entire—and let him accompany this act of repentance by such an apology to myself and his patrons as the case requires, and I have no doubt but those sad spirits which now afflict him, will speedily take their departure, and a more bright and cheerful class gather around him. But without some such acknowledgment and reparation, I do not see how our friend is to get rid of those sad spirits, which appear now to harass him.

But perhaps Mr. Hough is made sad at the thought of the dreadful delusion under which poor Mr. Barrett has fallen. "Alas," says he, referring to my case, "for the deep darkness and blindness into which even the most brilliant minds may be permitted to fall!" We do believe that those phantasies have so bewildered and blinded him [Mr. Barrett], as to render him forgetful, for the time being, of the most obvious and palpable facts!"

And again, referring to the same case, he says: "This is a sad spectacle over which we have a right to mourn." Now as this is not the first time that the Editor of the *Herald* has mourned over me, I hope he will not take it unkindly if I tell him frankly that such smiling and blubbering for such a cause is very unseemly in the editor of a public journal; that he had much better bolt up his tears and save them for a more worthy occasion; and, if he would obtain the blessing promised to mourners, let him mourn for something nearer home. The man who mourns, or affects to mourn, most over the sins of others, are usually the last to think of putting on any weeds on account of their own transgressions. And if his tears should flow much more profusely for Mr. Barrett, after having shut the columns of the *Herald* against him, his readers will be likely to regard them as mere "crocodile tears"—nothing more.

Again, says Mr. Hough: "The reading of this article [mine, as published in the *Telegraph*] awakens the most sad and painful regret, that one so talented and capable of performing so much use in the church, should go over into the camp of our enemies, and from thence attempt to throw poisoned arrows back at one who has endeavored to do him good, and has neither done nor wished him any evil. Our hope is, that he may yet return, may leave the companionship of those aliens from the house of Israel, and come back to the sympathy of those who would gladly do him good. We have certainly not the least wish to add anything to the terrible blow that our unfortunate brother has struck at his own usefulness."

More crocodile tears—a whole torrent of them! To speak plainly—and I believe that plain words are the best, and likely to be the most useful in all such cases—I must say that I have rarely if ever seen more falsehood (by implication at least), arrogance, conceit, and down-right iniquity crowded into the same space by any professedly Christian writer, than there is in the above paragraph.

And again, referring to the same case, he says: "This is a sad spectacle over which we have a right to mourn."

Now as this is not the first time that the Editor of the *Herald* has mourned over me, I hope he will not take it unkindly if I tell him frankly that such smiling and blubbering for such a cause is very unseemly in the editor of a public journal; that he had much better bolt up his tears and save them for a more worthy occasion; and, if he would obtain the blessing promised to mourners, let him mourn for something nearer home. The man who mourns, or affects to mourn, most over the sins of others, are usually the last to think of putting on any weeds on account of their own transgressions. And if his tears should flow much more profusely for Mr. Barrett, after having shut the columns of the *Herald* against him, his readers will be likely to regard them as mere "crocodile tears"—nothing more.

Again, says Mr. Hough: "The reading of this article [mine, as published in the *Telegraph*] awakens the most sad and painful regret, that one so talented and capable of performing so much use in the church, should go over into the camp of our enemies, and from thence attempt to throw poisoned arrows back at one who has endeavored to do him good, and has neither done nor wished him any evil. Our hope is, that he may yet return, may leave the companionship of those aliens from the house of Israel, and come back to the sympathy of those who would gladly do him good. We have certainly not the least wish to add anything to the terrible blow that our unfortunate brother has struck at his own usefulness."

More crocodile tears—a whole torrent of them! To speak plainly—and I believe that plain words are the best, and likely to be the most useful in all such cases—I must say that I have rarely if ever seen more falsehood (by implication at least), arrogance, conceit, and down-right iniquity crowded into the same space by any professedly Christian writer, than there is in the above paragraph.

And again, referring to the same case, he says: "This is a sad spectacle over which we have a right to mourn."

Now as this is not the first time that the Editor of the *Herald* has mourned over me, I hope he will not take it unkindly if I tell him frankly that such smiling and blubbering for such a cause is very unseemly in the editor of a public journal; that he had much better bolt up his tears and save them for a more worthy occasion; and, if he would obtain the blessing promised to mourners, let him mourn for something nearer home. The man who mourns, or affects to mourn, most over the sins of others, are usually the last to think of putting on any weeds on account of their own transgressions. And if his tears should flow much more profusely for Mr. Barrett, after having shut the columns of the *Herald* against him, his readers will be likely to regard them as mere "crocodile tears"—nothing more.

Again, says Mr. Hough: "The reading of this article [mine, as published in the *Telegraph*] awakens the most sad and painful regret, that one so talented and capable of performing so much use in the church, should go over into the camp of our enemies, and from thence attempt to throw poisoned arrows back at one who has endeavored to do him good, and has neither done nor wished him any evil. Our hope is, that he may yet return, may leave the companionship of those aliens from the house of Israel, and come back to the sympathy of those who would gladly do him good. We have certainly not the least wish to add anything to the terrible blow that our unfortunate brother has struck at his own usefulness."

More crocodile tears—a whole torrent of them! To speak plainly—and I believe that plain words are the best, and likely to be the most useful in all such cases—I must say that I have rarely if ever seen more falsehood (by implication at least), arrogance, conceit, and down-right iniquity crowded into the same space by any professedly Christian writer, than there is in the above paragraph.

And again, referring to the same case, he says: "This is a sad spectacle over which we have a right to mourn."

Now as this is not the first time that the Editor of the *Herald* has mourned over me, I hope he will not take it unkindly if I tell him frankly that such smiling and blubbering for such a cause is very unseemly in the editor of a public journal; that he had much better bolt up his tears and save them for a more worthy occasion; and, if he would obtain the blessing promised to mourners, let him mourn for something nearer home. The man who mourns, or affects to mourn, most over the sins of others, are usually the last to think of putting on any weeds on account of their own transgressions. And if his tears should flow much more profusely for Mr. Barrett, after having shut the columns of the *Herald* against him, his readers will be likely to regard them as mere "crocodile tears"—nothing more.

Again, says Mr. Hough: "The reading of this article [mine, as published in the *Telegraph*] awakens the most sad and painful regret, that one so talented and capable of performing so much use in the church, should go over into the camp of our enemies, and from thence attempt to throw poisoned arrows back at one who has endeavored to do him good, and has neither done nor wished him any evil. Our hope is, that he may yet return, may leave the companionship of those aliens from the house of Israel, and come back to the sympathy of those who would gladly do him good. We have certainly not the least wish to add anything to the terrible blow that our unfortunate brother has struck at his own usefulness."

More crocodile tears—a whole torrent of them! To speak plainly—and I believe that plain words are the best, and likely to be the most useful in all such cases—I must say that I have rarely if ever seen more falsehood (by implication at least), arrogance, conceit, and down-right iniquity crowded into the same space by any professedly Christian writer, than there is in the above paragraph.

And again, referring to the same case, he says: "This is a sad spectacle over which we have a right to mourn."

Now as this is not the first time that the Editor of the *Herald* has mourned over me, I hope he will not take it unkindly if I tell him frankly that such smiling and blubbering for such a cause is very unseemly in the editor of a public journal; that he had much better bolt up his tears and save them for a more worthy occasion; and, if he would obtain the blessing promised to mourners, let him mourn for something nearer home. The man who mourns, or affects to mourn, most over the sins of others, are usually the last to think of putting on any weeds on account of their own transgressions. And if his tears should flow much more profusely for Mr. Barrett, after having shut the columns of the *Herald* against him, his readers will be likely to regard them as mere "crocodile tears"—nothing more.

Again, says Mr. Hough: "The reading of this article [mine, as published in the *Telegraph*] awakens the most sad and painful regret, that one so talented and capable of performing so much use in the church, should go over into the camp of our enemies, and from thence attempt to throw poisoned arrows back at one who has endeavored to do him good, and has neither done nor wished him any evil. Our hope is, that he may yet return, may leave the companionship of those aliens from the house of Israel, and come back to the sympathy of those who would gladly do him good. We have certainly not the least wish to add anything to the terrible blow that our unfortunate brother has struck at his own usefulness."

More crocodile tears—a whole torrent of them! To speak plainly—and I believe that plain words are the best, and likely to be the most useful in all such cases—I must say that I have rarely if ever seen more falsehood (by implication at least), arrogance, conceit, and down-right iniquity crowded into the same space by any professedly Christian writer, than there is in the above paragraph.

And again, referring to the same case, he says: "This is a sad spectacle over which we have a right to mourn."

Now as this is not the first time that the Editor of the *Herald* has mourned over me, I hope he will not take it unkindly if I tell him frankly that such smiling and blubbering for such a cause is very unseemly in the editor of a public journal; that he had much better bolt up his tears and save them for a more worthy occasion; and, if he would obtain the blessing promised to mourners, let him mourn for something nearer home. The man who mourns, or affects to mourn, most over the sins of others, are usually the last to think of putting on any weeds on account of their own transgressions. And if his tears should flow much more profusely for Mr. Barrett, after having shut the columns of the *Herald* against him, his readers will be likely to regard them as mere "crocodile tears"—nothing more.

Again, says Mr. Hough: "The reading of this article [mine, as published in the *Telegraph*] awakens the most sad and painful regret, that one so talented and capable of performing so much use in the church, should go over into the camp of our enemies, and from thence attempt to throw poisoned arrows back at one who has endeavored to do him good, and has neither done nor wished him any evil. Our hope is, that he may yet return, may leave the companionship of those aliens from the house of Israel, and come back to the sympathy of those who would gladly do him good. We have certainly not the least wish to add anything to the terrible blow that our unfortunate brother has struck at his own usefulness."

More crocodile tears—a whole torrent of them! To speak plainly—and I believe that plain words are the best, and likely to be the most useful in all such cases—I must say that I have rarely if ever seen more falsehood (by implication at least), arrogance, conceit, and down-right iniquity crowded into the same space by any professedly Christian writer, than there is in the above paragraph.

And again, referring to the same case, he says: "This is a sad spectacle over which we have a right to mourn."

Now as this is not the first time that the Editor of the *Herald* has mourned over me, I hope he will not take it unkindly if I tell him frankly that such smiling and blubbering for such a cause is very unseemly in the editor of a public journal; that he had much better bolt up his tears and save them for a more worthy occasion; and, if he would obtain the blessing promised to mourners, let him mourn for something nearer home. The man who mourns, or affects to mourn, most over the sins of others, are usually the last to think of putting on any weeds on account of their own transgressions. And if his tears should flow much more profusely for Mr. Barrett, after having shut the columns of the *Herald* against him, his readers will be likely to regard them as mere "crocodile tears"—nothing more.

Again, says Mr. Hough: "The reading of this article [mine, as published in the *Telegraph*] awakens the most sad and painful regret, that one so talented and capable of performing so much use in the church, should go over into the camp of our enemies, and from thence attempt to throw poisoned arrows back at one who has endeavored to do him good, and has neither done nor wished him any evil. Our hope is, that he may yet return, may leave the companionship of those aliens from the house of Israel, and come back to the sympathy of those who would gladly do him good. We have certainly not the least wish to add anything to the terrible blow that our unfortunate brother has struck at his own usefulness."

More crocodile tears—a whole torrent of them! To speak plainly—and I believe that plain words are the best, and likely to be the most useful in all such cases—I must say that I have rarely if ever seen more falsehood (by implication at least), arrogance, conceit, and down-right iniquity crowded into the same space by any professedly Christian writer, than there is in the above paragraph.

And again, referring to the same case, he says: "This is a sad spectacle over which we have a right to mourn."

Now as this is not the first time that the Editor of the *Herald* has mourned over me, I hope he will not take it unkindly if I tell him frankly that such smiling and blubbering for such a cause is very unseemly in the editor of a public journal; that he had much better bolt up his tears and save them for a more worthy occasion; and, if he would obtain the blessing promised to mourners, let him mourn for something nearer home. The man who mourns, or affects to mourn, most over the sins of others, are usually the last to think of putting on any weeds on account of their own transgressions. And if his tears should flow much more profusely for Mr. Barrett, after having shut the columns of the *Herald* against him, his readers will be likely to regard them as mere "crocodile tears"—nothing more.

Again, says Mr. Hough: "The reading of this article [mine, as published in the *Telegraph*] awakens the most sad and painful regret, that one so talented and capable of performing so much use in the church, should go over into the camp of our enemies, and from thence attempt to throw poisoned arrows back at one who has endeavored to do him good, and has neither done nor wished him any evil. Our hope is, that he may yet return, may leave the companionship of those aliens from the house of Israel, and come back to the sympathy of those who would gladly do him good. We have certainly not the least wish to add anything to the terrible blow that our unfortunate brother has struck at his own usefulness."

More crocodile tears—a whole torrent of them! To speak plainly—and I believe that plain words are the best, and likely to be the most useful in all such cases—I must say that I have rarely if ever seen more falsehood (by implication at least), arrogance, conceit, and down-right iniquity crowded into the same space by any professedly Christian writer, than there is in the above paragraph.

And again, referring to the same case, he says: "This is a sad spectacle over which we have a right to mourn."

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

ALL's for the best! be rambunctious and cheerful,
Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise;
Nothing but folly goes falsehood and fear,
Courage forever is happy and wise.
All's for the best, if man but could know it,
Providence wishes us all to be best,
This is no dream for the pundit or poet,
Heaven is gracious—and all's for the best.

ALL's for the best; not this on your standard,
Solder of sadness or pilgrim of love,
Who to the shores of despair may have wandered,
A way-worn swallow or heart-stricken dove.
All's for the best! be a man but confounding;
Providence tenderly governs the rest;
And the frail bark of his creatures is guiding
Wise and wisely all the best.

ALL's for the best! they sing away terror,
Meet all your fears and foes in the van;
And in the mists of your dangers and errors,
Trust like a child, while you strive like a man.
All's for the best!—unclasped and unbanded,
Providence reigns from the east to the west,
And by both wisdom and mercy surrounded,
Hope and be happy, that all's for the best.

INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

The new movement recently commenced in this city for giving the people cheap, cheap instruction and recreation, embraces in plan a course of entertainments at Tremont Temple, twelve in number, consisting of scientific and literary lectures, dramatic readings, and musical concerts of a high order. The first lecture of the series will be given next Monday evening by Prof. Agassiz, who, in consideration of the public object of the projectors of this movement, has consented to deliver two lectures, although he has declined all invitations to appear before lectures this season. The warm approval of the scheme by this eminent professor, is but an earnest, as we hope, of the favor which will be shown to it by the public generally. Our common schools do much for the masses of the people in their youth, but adults are always learning something still good or bad, and if they can be attracted by entertainments like those projected by Mr. Keith, they will receive much positive good, and be kept from much positive evil.

It is desirable that all schemes for the improvement and benefit of the people, which has been held out with so liberal a hand, should be thoroughly tested in all its features. It is believed that men may be kept from vice much better by educating them and attracting them to innocent amusements, than they can be made virtuous by stringent laws and severe measures.

It seems to us that there is something more practical in this movement than any hitherto devised, as it combines the several features necessary to secure the comfort and enlightenment of the laboring classes. With one hand it offers them cheap provisions, and with the other instruction and amusement at a nominal price. Let the people try it before they complain of their hard lot in this world. They will have no right to grumble at poverty until they have availed themselves of the advantages offered by the new movement devised for their relief. The hard and provision monopolists here have no power over them, and they need no longer deny themselves the pleasures of rational recreation on account of the high prices that rule the fashionable concert or lecture-room. Let the poor no longer sit complaining at a crowded lot or resort to drinking saloons for consolation, but let them sit on their shoulders to the wheel, for Hercules has taken hold of the wagon to pull them forward.

Let them take, thankfully, the new weapons given them to fight the battle of life, and go into the contest with a brave heart. If they return them, and shrink like cowards, they will deserve to be enveloped in the darkness of ignorance, and cut down by poverty and hunger.

The lectures and entertainments to which we have referred as a part of the plan for the amelioration of the condition of the hard-working classes, cost comparatively nothing, and in respect to them the poorest mechanic can take a position as favorable as that occupied by the aristocracy of Beacon Hill. The lectures, readings, and concerts will be fully as elevated and attractive as any that are patronized by the pecuniary classes, and we doubt not that thousands of persons in the middle ranks, as well as the sons and daughters of oil, will avail themselves of the rare privilege they afford.

The lectures of Professor Agassiz alone will be worth treble the price of the whole course of the entertainments, as he is probably the most eminent natural philosopher in the world, and possesses a rare faculty for insinuating his audience in the lecture-room.

There are thousands of our citizens who have never enjoyed opportunity to listen to his teachings of the great laws by which vegetable and animal life from their lowest to their highest forms are governed, and if they neglect these now offered they will deserve to sit in the darkness of ignorance.—*The People's Paper*, Boston.

AMERICAN LADIES' ASSOCIATION,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF AMERICAN ORPHAN GIRLS.

To the Public.—The recent charge made against me as President of this Society, reads it proper for me to make to the public a brief statement, which I shall probably have no other opportunity of making.

The Association was organized on the 14th of May, 1855. From that time, for about three months, I traveled over the city, distributing circulars and statements, so as to cause our society to be known.

During that time I received in donations, \$11,19 and no more.

In the middle of August my health gave out, and from that time I have not myself solicited donations, but that work has been performed by other members of the Society, assisted by such of the recipients as we considered worthy of trust. The amount collected they have accounted for, and paid over to me.

In this manner the following amounts have been paid over to me:

Previous to August 17	\$11,19
Interest on amount of August 17	1,21
In September	123.32
In October	119.53
In November	229.44
In December	229.21

Making a total in cash receipts of \$1,210.00.

We have had other expenses not entering in the above account:

For instance:

1855. \$1,210.00

In May. 50. In September. 525.23

10. In October. 525.23

18. In November. 145.09

29. In December. 455.44

Making a total of miscellaneous expenses in cash \$1,323.23

At the time I was raised I had no balance owing to the Society, but I have a balance of \$1,210.00.

Thus making an expenditure of \$495.94 over and above what has been received in donations.

The foregoing statement is from our book, which contains all the items, and which shows every thing that I have ever received. We have allowed to our collecting agents for their services \$1 a day, which is not in the above statement; and whether all the money paid to them has in all instances been accounted for I can not know. Part of our expenditures have been:

For Agents' fees for visits, etc. \$100.00

Lights. 5.72

Postage, 10.25

Expense of washing. 5.19

Total cash expenses. \$120.00

Thus making an expenditure of \$495.94 over and above what has been received in donations.

The foregoing statement is from our book, which contains all the items, and which shows every thing that I have ever received. We have allowed to our collecting agents for their services \$1 a day, which is not in the above statement; and whether all the money paid to them has in all instances been accounted for I can not know. Part of our expenditures have been:

For Agents' fees for visits, etc. \$20.00

Expenses of washing. 4.23

The whole number of orphan girls whom we have received and aided has been twenty-eight. At the time of my arrest we had eighteen, and now have fourteen. We had fitted our house to accommodate fifty, and would have done so if we had had the means.

Our plan is, to receive a girl when desirous and out of employment, and afford her a home until she obtains employment; and then, if she continues with us, we pay her \$2 a week. In this manner we have received \$82, and we have given, in board and clothing, \$100.32, and \$30 for out-door assistance.

This is a plain and brief, but truthful statement of our transactions. Our books are open to the fullest examination, and we have solicited the Mayor and many of our respectable citizens to inspect our establishment and judge for themselves of our fidelity and honesty.

I am myself the mother of young girls, and I know well in this city, for such to be without home or protection, or employment, as to do so we must depend upon

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON'S SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

the aid of the charitable. That did we not expect unless we are worthy of it, and to prove our worthiness it is that we make this examination, and intend the closest scrutiny into all our operations.

NEW YORK, February 1, 1856. MR. L. A. LINCOLN, President.

Mrs. C. STEPHEN, Mrs. C. CURTIS, Mrs. C. CURTIS.

Mrs. D. HYDE, Mrs. D. LINCOLN.

Mr. J. W. LEWIS, Mr. J. W. LEWIS.

Mr. J. W. LEWIS, Mr. J. W. LEWIS.